

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Reil.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

NUMBER 26.

SPENCER COOPER,
Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

\$1.00 PER YEAR,
Always in Advance.

MRS. O'NEILL EARNED

The Proud Title of Queen of Spendthrifts in Six Years.

When Mrs. Evangeline Claire McPherson married Henry J. O'Neill, the "barley king," six years ago, she was earning \$5 a week, on which she supported herself and her child. Since that time she is said to have squandered more than \$400,000 of her husband's money. She is now under arrest in Montreal for defrauding Chicago and New York firms of \$50,000 more.

The total amount of her expenditures in six years will fall not far short of \$500,000. She has proved herself the queen of spendthrifts, and the greater part of her money has gone to gratify her vanity in personal adornment.

To be sure, she bought at one time rare books to the amount of \$10,000, and spent as much more for fine rugs. She placed one order with a Chicago firm for \$25,000 worth of jewelry.

When she last stayed in New York six months ago her bill for rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, for 20 days, amounted to \$1,000. She gave one dressmaker an order for \$12,000 worth of gowns.

When she left Chicago two weeks ago she had 23 trunks. She was next heard from in Baltimore with 13 trunks. When she was arrested in Montreal she had only eight trunks. They are said to contain jewelry and feminine apparel to the extent of \$154,000. She was then, as she explained, reduced to the actual necessities, and had only 99 pairs of silk stockings, 28 parasols and 150 pairs of gloves.

Although his wife has ruined O'Neill, he still clings to her, and has gone to Chicago to help her out of her difficulties. He was in a fair way to become a millionaire when he married her. He had started in business in Winona, Minn., and had reached a point where he practically controlled the barley market. Then he moved to Chicago. He is a plain, unassuming man who never cared to spend money on himself.

The change came when he married the Pontiac (Mich.) widow. They went to live in an elegant apartment in Ellis avenue. Mrs. O'Neill straightway started to make amends for her life of poverty. She must have silver harness on her horses. She became noted for the great number and richness of her costumes. After a time they went to live in the Auditorium. They had large suite of apartments.

One room was devoted exclusively to the storage of Mrs. O'Neill's hats. She gave one order to a Chicago firm for \$900 worth of Paris headwear. Another room was given over to gowns, and such gowns as Chicago had seldom before seen. There were scores of them, evening gowns that cost hundreds of dollars, street gowns, morning affairs and all manner of things. She had more than 150 silk petticoats.

There was not a shop in Chicago where she was not welcome, and for a long time her bills were paid regularly, so that her credit was unlimited. The same state of affairs prevailed in New York. The last purchase she made in Chicago was of towels at \$10 a dozen.

O'Neill had a legitimate income of more than \$25,000 a year, and he probably supposed that this would content a woman who had tasted of poverty all her life. But he idolized his wife, and does yet, and could refuse her nothing.

When his business was at its very best he began drawing money from it. The crash came a few months ago. It was found that he had taken \$172,000 from the Winona company and \$180,000 from the Chicago company. All this money went to pay his wife's bills. In addition he had his legitimate income, which amounted to not less than \$150,000 in the past six years. Personally O'Neill has not spent \$2,000 a year in this. All the rest went for the house-

hold expenses and for Mrs. O'Neill.

The young woman (she is now 34) has shone with great brilliancy for six years. Goods worth \$12,000 have been found in storage in Chicago under the name of Tomlinson. Mrs. O'Neill's maiden name. She was raised in La Peer and married a Saginaw bank clerk 10 years ago. They separated and a divorce followed.—New York World.

PLURALITIES

Of Republicans Over Democrats on State Ticket, Provided Louisville is not Thrown Out.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 24.—According to the count, as reported, Taylor received 193,084 votes in Kentucky; Goebel, 190,790, making Taylor's plurality, 2,294.

Counting Louisville's vote and estimating Elliott county pluralities at 543, the pluralities for the Republican candidates on the state ticket are as follows:

Taylor over Goebel (Governor).....2,294
Marshall over Beckham (Lieutenant Governor).....2,612
Pratt over Breckinridge (Att'y Gen'l.) 911
Sweeney over Coulter (Auditor).....2,745
Day over Hager (Treasurer).....2,177
Powers over Hill (Secretary of State) 1,836
Burk over McChesney (Superintendent of Public Instruction).....3,459
Throckmorton over Nail (Commiss'r).....2,130

John Burke, who leads the ticket, is a Newport man.

Superior Every Way.

Hood's Pills are superior in every way. They are easy to take, they do not gripe or pain and their action is prompt and effective. They do not rack and strain the system like other cathartics. They possess the peculiar and important advantage of toning up the patient and giving strength while the cathartic qualities are at work. They do not weaken the body, but leave it stronger than before.

Hood's Pills, therefore, are perfectly safe and harmless. Their effect is to cleanse the system of the poisons which form by reason of constipation, stimulate and regulate the bowels, give healthy action to the liver and kidneys, and thus set the machinery of the physical system in regular and healthy action.

A FRIEND INDEED

Is such a medicine as this. Hood's Pills should be in every home, for a reliable cathartic is the most important thing in the family medicine chest. Being gentle in their action, they may safely be taken by the youngest member of the household, and yet they are sufficiently powerful for the most obstinate cases of constipation or biliousness. Hood's Pills are the safeguard of the traveling man. They are invaluable in breaking up a cold, they prevent and cure the grip, they overcome headache, they give strength and vigor to the body. They are in truth the favorite cathartic.

Hood's Pills are the only pills which should be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Office of

J. TAYLOR DAY.

DEALER IN

General Merchandise, Live Stock,

Saw Logs, Lumber and Country Produce.

Hazel Green, Ky.

1900.

The above is a sample letter-head printed at this office, and the paper used is the best. If you need anything of the kind, write for prices and give us a trial order.

You Are a Democrat

and, of course, want a democratic newspaper. THE CHICAGO DISPATCH is the Great Democratic Weekly Newspaper of the country. It advocates the re-adoption of the platform and the renomination of William Jennings Bryan.

There has never been a political campaign that will equal in importance that of the one to be fought next year. The republican party, backed by the money power of this country and Europe, is alert and aggressive. Flushed with the victory of three years ago it will seek by every means in its power to maintain its supremacy.

Democrats must be up and doing. They must wage an unceasing war upon their enemies. In no better and more effective way can this be done than by the circulation of good, sound democratic newspapers. The publisher of The Chicago Dispatch, will send to every new subscriber for three months a copy of The Chicago Dispatch for ten cents. If you are not already taking this great political weekly, send in ten cents at once. You should not only do this yourself, but you should induce all your friends to join with you. By a little effort you can easily raise a club of ten or twenty subscribers.

The Chicago Dispatch is endorsed by William Jennings Bryan and other democratic leaders.

Address THE CHICAGO DISPATCH,
120 and 122 Fifth Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.



Mr. George W. Tuley
Benjamin, Missouri.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get Dr. Inclination, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

The Boer Girl at Home.

Much has been said of the sturdy, frugal Dutch farmers of the Transvaal, but little is known of their sweethearts, wives and daughters, who have contributed so largely to the prosperity of the South African Republic. Consequently, an article on "The Boer Girl of South Africa," by the author of "Oom Paul's People," to appear in the January Ladies' Home Journal, will be interesting.

What Miss Catherine Mullens says of the sewing machine we sold her.

Knows Where to Go for Dependable Bargains.

ELAMTON, MORGAN CO., KY., Oct. 17, '99.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Kind Sirs: The sewing machine that I bought from you last spring came all O. K. and gives good satisfaction. I am well pleased with it. It does lovely work is admired by everyone who sees it. There is an agent selling the New Model in this neighborhood, but I don't like it half as well as the Burdick Sewing Machine.

Yours very truly,

CATHERINE MULLENS.

We will send this same machine to any reader of THE HERALD who can examine it at the freight depot and if found satisfactory pay the freight agent \$15.50 and freight charges. No doubt Miss Catherine Mullens would be willing to show her machine to any intending purchaser.

We will mail free our Sewing Machine Catalogue to any reader of this paper on application. In ordering machine or sending for catalogue, cut out and return this notice.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Married, at the residence of J. G. Oldfield, Miss Lula Oldfield and S. H. Elam, Rev. F. P. Wilson officiating. E. L. Blankenship and Miss Mertie Gillaspie, and Mort Wilson and Miss Margaret Patrick, were the attendants.

If your horse or mule has a lump, bunch, bone spavin, curb, splint or any like ailment, go to John M. Rose and get a bottle of Quinn's Ointment, which will remove the obstacle.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac.

There is no comparison between former editions, and this splendid Almanac for 1900, now ready. Printed in beautiful colors, on much finer paper, its 196 pages are packed with invaluable information on storms, astronomy and meteorology. It is illustrated with nearly 200 finest half tones and other engravings. This superb book would sell anywhere for fifty cents, but it costs only 25c a copy, and every subscriber to Rev. Irl R. Hicks' now famous paper, Word and Works, at \$1.00 a year, receives this elegant Almanac as a premium. Word and Works is a recognized leader among the best family and scientific journals, while nothing of its kind can compare with the Hicks Almanac. One dollar a year is a nominal price for such unique and useful publications. Professor Hicks has justly, and of necessity, withdrawn his storm and weather forecasts from all free almanacs, having generously given his time and labor free for nearly twenty years. Word and Works Pub. Co., 2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. Haney, of Lexington, a brother of Mrs. Nannie Clark and Miss Mollie Haney, of our town, has been granted a patent on a switch operating mechanism which may bring him a fortune.

John M. Rose is making some very desirable improvements in his store room, and now has one of the neatest stores in the mountains.

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by J. T. Day, Druggist.

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WE GUARANTEE PERMANENT CURES without the use of the knife in CANCER and all CHRONIC SORES. No money to be paid until patients are cured. Our Medical and Surgical Departments are second to none, being composed of a corps of first-class Physicians.

All examinations free.

We treat no patients outside the hospital.

FRANK G. KELLAM. F. C. KELLAM,
HARRY KELLAM. General Manager.
HINTON, W. VA.



Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 21, 1899.

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 2. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington	A.M. Lve. 7 45 am	P.M. Lve. 2 10 pm
Avon	8 10 am	2 35 pm
Winchester	8 30 am	2 55 pm
L & E Junction	8 45 am	3 07 pm
Indian Fields	9 00 am	3 22 pm
Clay City	9 16 am	3 40 pm
Stanton	9 25 am	3 51 pm
Filson	9 36 am	4 04 pm
Dundee	9 47 am	4 30 pm
Nat. Bridge	9 54 am	4 45 pm
Torrent	10 08 am	4 54 pm
Beatty's Jo	10 20 am	4 56 pm
Tallega	10 51 am	5 10 pm
Athol	10 55 am	5 28 pm
Jackson	11 30 am	6 00 pm

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily, ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Jackson	6 25 am	1 20 pm
Athol	6 56 am	1 40 pm
Tallega	7 04 am	1 57 pm
Beatty's Jo	7 26 am	2 18 pm
Torrent	7 47 am	2 39 pm
Nat. Bridge	8 03 am	2 52 pm
Dundee	8 08 am	2 59 pm
Filson	8 19 am	3 11 pm
Stanton	8 33 am	3 23 pm
Clay City	8 42 am	3 33 pm
Indian Fields	8 59 am	3 48 pm
L & E Junction	9 16 am	4 03 pm
Winchester	9 29 am	4 15 pm
Avon	9 49 am	4 35 pm
Lexington	10 15 am	5 00 pm

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt. Rothwell, Ky.

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Don't forget that you can have the Courier-Journal or Dispatch and THE HERALD one year for only \$1.25 cash in advance, and besides we will send you the Farm Journal until the end of the year of 1899.



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CHAPTER I.

TOM SCOTT TO THE RESCUE.

"Here's Dyea, and this is Skagway. The White Pass starts off here and goes right plumb over the mountains like this—"

And the speaker made a bold stroke with a huge piece of chalk with which he was ornamenting the floor of the village store in Merrivale, where everything was dispensed from postage stamps to lace curtains.

Clustered about his kneeling figure were a dozen men of all ages whose eyes were eagerly following the rude map of Alaska which Hank Merritt was drawing for their benefit.

For stories of the wonderful wealth of this far-off Eldorado had penetrated even this remote place among the hills of New Hampshire, and the Globe reports of the lucky strikes made by venturesome argonauts had stirred the blood of every man in the village until the riches of the Yukon valley had become the all-engrossing topic among those who met every evening at this public rendezvous to pass an hour or two after their day's toil was finished.

"This is where you strike the lake," he continued, "and then it's 'bout all water the rest of the way, near as I can make out. Gold is so plenty they dig it out just as easy as we spade up worms to go fishing with. Gee whiz! I'd like to try it if it warn't so darned far off an' didn't cost so much to get there."

The arrival of the mail interrupted his artistic efforts, and when the handful of letters had been put away the postmaster was called upon to read aloud from the papers anything new regarding the favorite topic.

"The steamer P. W. Wear had eight miners on board who brought out a total of \$450,000. Others had \$10,000 to \$10,000 apiece, and some refused to give their figures. The steamer Portland brought down \$1,000,000. One man got \$216 from a pan of dirt, and two miners cleaned up \$5,000 in a single day's work."

As the reader paused one might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the silence for fully a minute. Then a dozen voices broke out in exclamations of amazement and disbelief and in the turmoil nothing intelligible could be distinguished.

There was one listener, however, who said nothing, but after the respite had calmed down a bit he secured a copy of the paper and hastened to the farm where he was employed with a wild impulse surging through his brain. In his little room under the eaves he eagerly devoured the article he had heard at the store, and in another column he found an interview with one of the pioneers of Dawson City, giving full details as to the proper outfit and its cost.

It was midnight when the stalwart young farmer sought his couch, and for the first time in his healthy life sleep refused to come to him, for he had made up his mind to leave the village where the greater part of his youth had been spent and seek his fortune in this distant land, where a stout heart and strong hands seemed able to force Nature to relax her icy grip on her golden stores.

Tom Scott's life had been an uneventful one. He was the only son of a sea captain and until the death of his mother they lived on Cape Cod. Then an uncle took him on his farm at Merrivale and his father continued his roving life. A few years ago, however, Obed Baker, a native of Merrivale, who had sailed with Tom's father as mate, returned to the village with a story which made a great sensation at the time. It was to the effect that Capt. Scott had deserted his ship at San Francisco and absconded with a large sum of money belonging to the owners.

Tom was a lad of 18 at the time, but few eye-witnesses would ever forget the scene when he hurled the lie at the brazen sailor and fought like a young tiger until overpowered by the brute strength of his father's defamer, whose nose was disfigured for life in the encounter and who vowed vengeance for his injury.

This was four years ago, but Tom Scott still felt the disgrace cast upon his name. His uncle had now been dead over three years, and Tom had saved the wages paid him by the farmer for whom he had worked since that time, until he possessed about \$400, which was deposited in the village savings bank. This would buy him a miner's outfit, but how to reach the far northwest was the problem.

His sleep was troubled that night, but with the morning came the determination to start at once for Boston and trust to fortune to join one of

the numerous expeditions organizing there.

His announcement was received with amazement, but Tom Scott was a man of prompt action, and that afternoon saw him in Boston. He had been in the city several times before, and had no difficulty in finding a respectable hotel where the rate was within his means, but by the time he had eaten his supper it was growing dark and a thick snow-storm set in. He determined, however, to lose no time in his search, and made his way to the water front, where he had no doubt he could obtain all the needed information.

Atlantic avenue was practically deserted when he reached it, and the big flakes had covered the ground with a white mantle which made his footsteps inaudible as he walked along, not without a slight feeling of uneasiness as he thought of his little capital strapped about his waist under his clothes in a waterproof belt which had been his first purchase.

As he approached a saloon from which came a confused murmur of voices and a sharp clinking of glasses, two men came out directly in front of him and turned in the direction in which he was walking, being only a few feet in advance. Coming from the well-lighted saloon as they did into the thick storm, they failed to notice Tom, and upon this fact his whole future depended, although he was far from suspecting such an improbable thing at the time.

"I tell you he's going on that bark to San Francisco," said the taller of the two men, eagerly. "He's bound for the Klondike, and he must have a fat roll with him. I heard him say he would buy his outfit out there. We can lay for him on the dock when he is going on board."

"It's a risky job," replied the other, nervously.

"Oh, what's the matter with you?" was the angry rejoinder.

"Nothing, but we take great risks. I don't like it."

"There's no risk at all," urged the other. "All we have to do is just tap him on the head and go through him. The whole thing won't take a minute, and we can be at the West end before he knows what struck him. I'm going to have his stuff, and if you want to go back on me, I'll—"

The rest of the sentence was indistinguishable. The word Klondike had naturally attracted Tom's attention, and he had involuntarily strained to catch the men's conversation, but he felt a sudden thrill of horror as he realized the full import of what he had just heard.

What could he do? That the men were planning a robbery, if not a murder, was evident. He could not warn the intended victim, for he had no means of finding or knowing him, and to lose sight of the men to find an officer was out of the question. Then the athletic young fellow set his teeth and shrugged his broad shoulders, while under his gloves a pair of hard fists balled up involuntarily.

To some it might have occurred to pay no attention to the matter, but Tom Scott was of different caliber. It was true that he had seen little of the great world, but he was brave to a fault, and nature had added a tall, well-knit frame to this gift. He determined to prevent the villains from accomplishing their purpose if it lay in his power, and had no doubt of his ability to do so.

Fearful that the men might turn and see him, he slackened his pace and allowed them to gain several yards on him, keeping close to the buildings himself and hoping each moment to see an officer.

But none appeared, and soon the two thugs turned into a dark, narrow alleyway, which led to one of the wharves, and were lost to view.

Tom was in a quandary. To venture into the place was to invite attack from the villains, and he decided to wait in a convenient doorway until the intended victim came along or an officer should appear to whom he could tell his story.

A few yards to the right he found a sheltered recess in front of a block, and took up his station, keeping a sharp lookout in the direction of the saloon, where he naturally supposed the man was enjoying himself. A short distance away a street lamp shone dimly through the falling snow and threw a broad band of light on the sidewalk, across which no one could pass without being seen by him.

It was a situation to try the stoutest nerves, for Tom was unarmed, and the man he was trying to save might be

intoxicated, while the two robbers would surely be provided with all the tools of their trade. A dozen schemes flashed through his mind as he crouched in the shadow, only to be discarded as useless. The time dragged slowly enough, but his resolution did not falter.

Suddenly a dark figure came staggering across the lighted space and Tom's heart gave a bound. Was this his man? Would he have sense enough to understand his danger?

No, the drunken sailor lurched heavily along and turned up a side street a short distance beyond the alleyway, where the men were hidden.

Another and still another followed at intervals, but none paused on their way and Tom began to wonder if his ears had not played him false. He was beginning to waver when a slight crunching noise at his left caused him to turn quickly in time to see the form of a man disappear in the alleyway, having approached from the opposite direction while Tom was looking up the avenue.

What was to be done?

He stood for a moment with his heart beating tumultuously and every nerve tingling. Then from the dark opening came a muffled cry, followed by an oath and the sound of a struggle.

Tom cast one quick look about him. No one was in sight and the next instant he had pulled off his gloves and darted up the passageway at full speed.

The darkness was intense for a short distance, but after a few yards he emerged into a small open space in the midst of which the three men were writhing and twisting in desperate struggles. Tom was unable to distinguish one from another, but as he reached the spot one man tore himself free and shouted:

"Help! Police! Stand back or I'll shoot!"

The rest of his threat was drowned by a heavy blow from a blackjack, which knocked the weapon from his hand.

"Stop!" cried Tom, springing toward the assailant.

He was too late, for a second blow stretched the stranger senseless and bleeding on the snow, and with an angry snarl the robber turned just as Tom's right fist shot out with tremendous force.

Down went the man like a stricken ox and Tom grappled with the other with a shout of triumph. His blood was up, and, lifting his smaller opponent bodily from the ground, he shook him as a mastiff would a terrier.

"Hands off!" panted the helpless man, fiercely. "Curse you, what are you trying to do?"

He was not long in doubt, for Tom hurled him against the side of a stone building with such force that he fell in an inert heap and lay motionless.

Tom turned to see what had become of the taller man, but at that instant he felt a sharp pain in his side and a strong hand seized him by the throat and bent him backwards, while a hoarse voice hissed in his ear:

"Take that for your pains, you meddling fool!"

With a desperate effort he twisted himself free from his assailant, spring-



A strong hand seized him by the throat.

ing aside barely in time to escape another lunge of the murderous knife he had just felt.

Again the fellow lunged viciously at him, but Tom caught his wrist, and a desperate struggle ensued. Although much the stronger man, Tom found it no easy task to avoid the blade, and the two swayed back and forth over the snow, the man trying to free his hand for a decisive stroke, and Tom bending all his efforts to prevent it. Soon, however, his iron grip began to tell, and he felt his enemy's muscles relax. Putting all his strength into a supreme effort, he wrenched the knife free, exclaiming:

"I've got you now, you murderer, and I don't leave you till you are behind the bars!"

But even in the moment of his victory he felt a cold ring of steel pressed against his ear, and these ominous words sounded behind him:

"Hold up your hands, mister, or you're a dead man! Quick, I say, or I'll shoot!"

It was a moment of fearful peril. There was murder in the man's tones, and Tom felt it. He released his grasp slowly, and the larger man pushed him suddenly backward, crying:

"Shoot him, you idiot!"

His action saved Tom's life, for the other man pressed the trigger at the same instant, the bullet passing a foot in front of the young man's face, and flattening against the wall at his side.

Tom still retained the knife, and with a quick slash he struck the hand which held the revolver, causing the owner to drop it, with a yell of pain, and dash off toward the street at full speed, followed by his companion, who had evidently no desire to face Tom alone.

As the men disappeared he turned, to find the stranger he had rescued groaning with pain, and trying to get on his feet.

"Take my arm and see if you can't stand," said Tom. "Are you badly hurt?"

"My right arm is helpless, and my head goes round like a top," was the faint reply; "but I'm coming round all right, I guess. I got a nasty clip from one of them cutthroats. I came to just as that chap pulled his gun on you, and I tried to get up, but everything swam round so I couldn't. You're a plucky chum—"

"Can you get up?" interrupted Tom, hastily. "If you can I'll just find that pistol and we'll get away from this place. If not, I'll leave you the weapon and go after help. I'm out in the side, but I don't know how bad it is."

A moment's search discovered the weapon, and after assisting the injured man to his feet they were moving slowly up the wharf when a bright ray of light suddenly penetrated the darkness and a tall policeman appeared before them, throwing the searching beams of a dark lantern upon them.

"What's going on down there?" he demanded. "Didn't I hear a shot just a moment ago?"

Tom was about to reply when his companion exclaimed:

"Two men knocked me down and would have robbed me but for this man here, who pitched into them. They both ran up this way."

"I passed two men," said the officer. "One was tall and the other short. Were they the ones?"

Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he turned on his heels and dashed off in pursuit of the eluders, who by this time had made good their escape.

As the avenue was reached a herdie happened along and Tom hailed it at his companion's suggestion.

"Take us to the police station on Battery street," he said to the driver, and in a few moments they stood before the official in a well-lighted room telling their story. A physician was in attendance upon a prisoner and he soon made a rapid examination of their wounds.

"A few strips of plaster will fix your scalp all right," said he to the elder man, "and your arm is only numb from the blow. You'll be all right to-morrow." Then turning to Tom, he added: "You have had a very narrow escape from death, young man. That knife was meant for your heart. As it is, it glanced on a rib and there is no damage done. It is only a slight flesh wound, which will give you no trouble whatever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hints for Marriageable Girls.

Do not "choose an opposite." You will be opposite enough in time.

Either put down your foot on his cigar before marriage or make up your mind to keep quiet about it afterward.

Learn to cook and sew, and above all things, to learn to look sweet and keep still when you feel mad enough to take the roof off.

See and hear all the plays, operas and concerts you can during the engagement; bad weather is apt to interfere after marriage.

Take your mother's advice on the question of a husband, provided she took her mother's.

Don't ask your brother about the personal habits of a suitor; he can't tell you enough to matter without giving himself away, and he won't do that.

Do not be offended when his sister wonders what any woman of taste can see in him to admire. Just remember how much you know of your own brother's shortcomings.—Chicago Tribune.

The Church Bells in a Tree.

Rather more than 20 years ago the church in Therfield, Herts, was rebuilt; altogether including the rebuilding of the chancel, for which the rector was responsible, a sum of \$27,435 was spent on the work. There were not, however, sufficient funds to complete the rebuilding, and the upper portion of the tower and the porch remain unfinished to the present time, about \$5,000 being required for completion. As there was no belfry in which to place the bells, one was hung on the branch of a large walnut tree in the rectory, close, adjoining the churchyard. There it does its duty, calling the people of Therfield to church, and patiently waiting for the time when, through the liberality of friends, it may be removed to a belfry where it will join with five old companions (now stored away in the church) in a merry peal on their restoration to their proper home.—London Sketch.

From Out of the Past.

"What are you going to do with your ark when it's finished?" queried one of Noah's neighbors, who suspected that the good man had "bats," to use the language of the period.

"Oh, I'm going to save it for a rainy day," knowingly replied Noah, who could already see his questioner's "bush."—Towa Topics.

PITH AND POINT.

When a man discovers he is being driven to despair he should get out and walk.—Chicago Daily News.

An Art Criticism.—"She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on." "Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Foreign to Him.—"Daddy?" said the little colored boy. "Well?" "Wat's the nationality of them 'coon' songs they sing in the theaters?"—Philadelphia North American.

Like Many Others.—Willis—"Tank-leigh never mixes politics and religion." Wallace—"Takes his politics straight, eh?" Willis—"No; he mixes whisky with it."—Puck.

"Thosedialect stories make me tired," remarked Noorich. "What's the matter now?" asked his wife. "Why, when a man writes 'sieh' or 'sech' for 'such' that's all right, but I draw the line at Psyche."—Philadelphia Record.

"Put me off at Beacon street," said the fair passenger to the Boston trolley conductor. "I will notify you when Beacon street is reached," replied the conductor, "and be glad to assist you to alight, but I couldn't entertain the brutal thought of putting you off, my dear lady."—Philadelphia North American.

May—"Did you see Miss Woodby's fall gown? It's something terrible, but she thinks it's fine." Fay—"What sort of thing is it?" May—"Why, she's simply taken an old dress and put one of those fashionable trains on it." Fay—"Ah! I suppose she believes 'All's well that ends swell.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

A Dead Spot in the Caribbean Sea That No Floating Flask Can Get Away From.

"There is a dead spot in the Caribbean sea," said the first officer of a Brazilian ship, chatting at the custom house the other day, "that ought to be called the port of bottles. It lies very nearly midway between Cartagena, in Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and at a guess I should say it was due east of Cape Gracias a Dios. It is out of the steamer tracks and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering seaweed and barnacles."

"The last time I saw the place was in '95, when I was on board a tramp from Rio that had changed its course a little to take up some rubber at a Central American port. While we were passing through we noticed a floating spar, and among a lot of rubbish attached to it was a peculiar looking round object, bright red in color. We put off a boat to investigate and it proved to be a patent buoy, which had been set adrift from a Florida lighthouse station in '93, and was part of a systematic attempt to ascertain the speed and direction of currents. Inside was an official memorandum which was afterward returned to the navy department with data of when and where found. But what is a good deal more interesting is the fact that while we were securing the buoy we discovered three bottles sticking in the drift, all covered with weeds and slime. One was empty and the other two had papers inside. The first was a memorandum that the bottle had been dropped from a yacht off the Grand Cayman in, I think, the year 1892, and the other inclosure showed that it came from a ship bound for Montevideo, on what date I forget. In each case it was evidently the whim of some idle passenger, but it was a little odd that we should find the whole collection together."

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the dead spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such still place as I have described."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Queen's Ice.

The stores of ice at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral castles are very large. At Windsor there is storage room for about 500 tons. The supply is obtained from the lake beneath the north terrace, from Frogmore, and from the lake between Frogmore and Virginia Water. Ice is not only lavishly used in the royal kitchen, but also for reducing the temperature of her majesty's apartments in hot weather. Then it is packed in pretty wooden buckets and stood in the fireplaces.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sure Sign.

"You know that red-headed, freckle-faced, big-nosed Mr. Bruce, don't you?" asked the girl in blue of her friend in pink as they lolled on Margate extension.

"Yes. What of him?" "Mabel Wilson is engaged to him."

"Did she tell you?" "No; but yesterday morning she asked me if I didn't think he was handsome."—Stray Stories.

Funny But Not True.

The great trouble with funny stories is they are seldom true.—Chicago Daily News.



GOAT HERDER'S HOUSE.

Just the Thing for Southwestern Farmers Who Are Engaged in the Angora Business.

Angora goats are great browsers, eating off the leaves of bushes and trees as high from the ground as they can reach when standing on their hind legs with their front feet up in the trees. Such browsing gives a park-like appearance to any area on which they are feeding to any extent, and that is especially true of the vicinity of their bedding ground. It is therefore of great advantage to



GOAT HERDER'S HOUSE.

change the bedding ground frequently to an entirely new "camp," and this is most conveniently done by sheltering their herder in a movable house, as shown in the illustration.

I used to have a tent for the purpose, but this has many objectionable features, mainly because it necessitated building a fence around it to keep cattle from tearing it. It is also impossible to keep out tramps, who sometimes help themselves to the herder's provisions or blankets during his absence. The size of the house is six by ten feet and six feet from floor to eaves, and all that is necessary is to load the "camp trucks," hitch on two horses, and pull it to the fresh camping ground. The herder locks it when taking the flock out to graze in the morning, and I have never yet had it tampered with. It has been in constant use for 15 years. —American Agriculturist.

PUMPKINS FOR HOGS.

Estimates as to Their Value Based on Experiments Conducted at the Oregon Station.

We did not think pumpkins as valuable for feeding to hogs as we did to cattle, but when they were plenty the hogs had some every day, for we could not keep them late in the winter. We never cooked them unless to throw in a few when boiling small potatoes or other roots for the hogs, as we thought them too watery when boiled, and they seemed to be relished better when given raw. We notice in a bulletin sent out by the Oregon Experiment station that they tested pumpkins for hogs weighing 140 to 200 pounds each for four periods of 14 days each. The pumpkins were cooked with shorts. For the first two weeks it took 15.45 pounds of pumpkins and 2.12 pounds of shorts to make a pound of gain. The next two weeks it took 14.95 pounds of pumpkins and 1.3 pounds of shorts. In the third period 14.39 pounds of the pumpkin and 1.79 pounds shorts, and for the last two weeks 14.46 pounds of pumpkins and 2.54 pounds of shorts. The average gain for each hog during the whole time was about 1½ pounds per day, and counting pumpkins at \$2.50 a ton and shorts at \$12 the cost per pound of gain was 2.9 cents. This may have been cheap enough, but we think it could have been made cheaper upon raw pumpkins, and by using a little more shorts, or perhaps a mixture of equal parts of cornmeal and shorts. After a hog weighs 200 pounds alive we are not afraid to give him as much cornmeal as he will eat until we get him fat enough to kill. They tried to increase the amount of pumpkin and reduce the amount of shorts, but the pigs objected, and, as will be seen above, they had to increase the proportion of shorts. We never tested pumpkins for sheep feeding, but have no doubt they would work excellently well. We never removed the seeds when feeding them, and never saw that they were doing any injury to either cattle or hogs. —American Cultivator.

Wintering Breeding Hogs.

The brood sow or the male hog can be kept very well through the winter at small expense. They will keep fat enough for breeding purposes on a little bran mash with a few raw roots and a handful of clover each day. Usually they are very fond of raw beets and turnips, and they seem to do better on them than on cooked roots. The latter are too watery, and need some whole corn to go with them, instead of a bran mash or slop. —American Cultivator.

FEEDING IN YARDS.

Birds in Confinement Need Different Rations from Those Having a Free Woodland Run.

Poultry in confinement must be fed differently from those which have a free run of grass or woodland, in which latter they revel, hunting over all the leaves, and scratching away, around and under old logs for their favorite grubs and bugs. If you have not made it a business to watch your chicks and hens carefully, you do not realize what a large amount of grass and green food they will eat in a day when it is at hand and when they have not been overfed with grain or scraps. Fowls need coarse food or something that gives bulk as well as nutriment. Even though you feed the confined birds the same identical food they obtained for themselves on a good run it would not be the same, as they cannot select for themselves and they would still lack the exercise so necessary for their health, and, therefore, in confinement the same food would be too much for them. This is why successful raisers of poultry in confinement always throw the grain to their fowls in straw, thus compelling them to work for it. Exercise is necessary for their health, but if the food is composed more of nitrogenous elements and less of the carbonaceous (especially of the oils and fats) there would not be so many diseases to confront. There are people who pamper their chickens, both old and young. Corn is useful in the poultry business, as lard or bacon is in the kitchen, but not as a regular diet. If you want to fatten poultry or warm them in cold weather, or when a hen is poor, and on that account not laying, and needs a richer food, corn is excellent, but should not be given almost exclusively, especially when fowls are confined. It is not difficult to incur a serious loss, where a good number of fowls are kept, by injudicious feeding. All kinds should have a sufficiency of food without being overfed. If the birds are kept in a state of semi-starvation the hens lay but few eggs, and those intended for killing become so attenuated that a very considerable outlay is necessary before they can be brought into proper condition for the table, and will lack tenderness and delicacy. To feed too liberally is wasteful, and in the case of laying hens decidedly objectionable; for a hen when it becomes very fat ceases to produce up to the average, and is subject to various ailments. Full-grown fowls should have just as much as they will readily eat and no more. Barley, either in whole or in ground state, is fairly economical used either alone or in combination with other food. Oats and oatmeal are of especial value for fattening for the table. Pieces of bread and vegetables of all kinds may be utilized, and scraps of meat chopped up rather small are of great value in feeding fowls shut up in small yards where they are unable to obtain worms and insects. Potatoes boiled and mixed up with a sufficient quantity of coarse bran, when scalded to form rather a stiff paste, are useful for helping out the corn. —Farm and Fireside.

Every reader of this paper should give special heed to the offers which are appearing from week to week by the John M. Smyth Co., the mammoth mail order house of Chicago. In this issue will be found the advertisement of a thoroughly up-to-date, first-class sewing machine, at the astonishingly low price of \$14.25. Coming as this offer and other offers do from a house with a commercial rating of over one million dollars, and of the highest character, they mark an opportunity that the shrewd buyer will not be slow to take advantage of. The John M. Smyth Co., 150 to 166 West Madison street, will send their mammoth catalogue, in which is listed at wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, on receipt of only 10 cents to partly pay postage or expressage, and even this 10 cents is allowed on first purchase amounting to one dollar.

The Isthmus of Panama.

Its engineers believe that they have solved the problem of the successful completion of this great enterprise. If so, it will prove a great benefit to humanity, no more, truthfully speaking, than has Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the remedy which never fails to cure afflictions of the stomach—for of what use is prosperity without health? The Bitters invariably strengthen weak stomachs and torpid livers, and is one of the blessings of the age.

His Last Fling.

As they bent solicitously over him, the man who had been kicked by a horse opened his eyes. "Have you any last wish?" they asked him. "Yes," he murmured. "Have an automobile hearse at the funeral!" "Revenge, it seemed, was strong even in death." —N. Y. Press.

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The Fuel Problem.

"I suppose you had money to burn in the Klondike?" "No," answered the man who had been lying by the hour, "we didn't have anything but chunks of chilly, incombustible gold. We'd have paid a big price for a few scuttles of dollar bills." —Chicago Chronicle.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinn & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Among the Breakers.

Long—Family troubles, eh? What rock did your domestic ship split on?

Short—It was the absence of "rocks" that caused the split. —Chicago Evening News.

To Los Angeles and Southern California.

Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern California, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on a long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only \$6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address Geo. H. Heathford, General Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

A Model.

Miss Antique—Is he a nice, quiet parrot? Dealer—Oh, yes, ma'am; he never swears unless he's sworn to! —Puck.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chills Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

The Man and the Bore.—The Solemn Bore—"Have you ever reflected that there will be no more time?" The Busy Man—"I haven't any now." —Indianapolis Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Polite Man.—The Bystander—"What are you taking off your hat for?" The Man at the Phone—"I'm talking to a lady." —Chicago Tribune.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

A man with but one idea is sometimes worse off than a man with no idea at all. —Chicago Daily News.

I cannot speak too highly of Fiske's Cure for Consumption. —Mrs. Frank Mohr, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

The silent man may be a mine of wisdom, but a talkative fool sometimes explodes the mine. —Chicago Daily News.

Check Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Talk is cheap—probably because of the overproduction. —Chicago Daily News.

WOMEN do suffer!

Even so-called healthy women suffer! But they are not healthy!

The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

remedy for woman's ills.

MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me."

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."



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60 DAYS TRIAL. We ship this machine C.O.D. subject to approval, on receipt of two dollars. If, on examination you are convinced that we are saving you \$20 or \$30 on agent's price, pay the balance and freight charges then try the machine. If not satisfied at any time within 60 days send the machine back to us at our expense and we will refund the full purchase price. \$14.25

in which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat wear and use, is furnished on receipt of only 10¢ to partly pay postage or expressage, and as evidence of good faith the 10¢ is allowed on first purchase amounting to \$1.00 or above. OUR MONTHLY GROCERY PRICE LIST FREE!



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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, kills the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. At druggists or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and C. L. DR. WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

THE HERALD.



SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, November 30, 1899

"Who is elected governor?" is still a question upon the lips of about every other citizen you meet, notwithstanding the fact that the returns show Mr. Taylor to have received a majority of upwards of 2,000. Now, if it be a fact that he has a majority of 2,000, or any other number, for that matter, he should be inaugurated governor, and all law abiding citizens will do what they can to see that he is installed. Should the election commissioners give the certificate to Mr. Goebel, under the circumstances, Gov. Bradley would undoubtedly refuse to recognize the certificate, and should the hot-headed followers of Mr. Goebel attempt to seat him, Gov. Bradley would call out the militia. This would entail expense and increase our taxation to say nothing of the disgrace of such action. We would much rather see Goebel inaugurated governor than Taylor, but unless he has won the office fairly and can go in with clean hands and a clear record, we do not wish to see him the governor. Better that a Republican should hold the office forever than that the Democratic party should dishonor itself by Hayesing it to Goebel. A free ballot and a fair count is our platform, and if Mr. Taylor has been thus elected then let him be inaugurated without more ado.

It is very evident that ex-Speaker Reed does not see in the Ohio election an assurance that Republicans will win in the next election. At a business men's banquet in New York City recently, Mr. Reed cautioned the gentlemen present that political matters are not propitious for his party. There is a significance in the warning of Mr. Reed, and every sign points that the McKinley administration sees the danger ahead. If the opposition to Nash in the recent election in Ohio can be joined, as seems more than likely, then Ohio will cast its vote next fall in favor of Bryan.

The wreckers working on the sunken Spanish warship Almirante Oquendo at Santiago de Cuba, discovered a chest containing \$19,000 in Spanish gold, which the Condaga Company, the divers, will retain. On the torpedo boat Destroyer, they recently found a heavy silver plate, and it is estimated that altogether they have secured some \$500,000 in treasure.

The Sac and Fox Indians of Tama county, Iowa, to the number of 400 threaten to go upon the war path again with rifle and tomahawk. The alleged cause of their threatened outbreak was the imprisonment of the wife of a young Indian who refused to go to school.

It will be agreed by all that if Sam Weller's advice had been taken to "beware of the vidders," Admiral Dewey would be in a better position today than he has been placed by recent developments.

Subscribe for THE HERALD.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

The slump in Kansas heroism is something tremendous, since the reports came in from the twentieth Kansas Regiment.

If the British really desire to force Oom Paul to capitulate, they had best cut off the six-inch main that supplies him with beer.

It will be amusing to see the members of the G. O. P. tumble over each other, in the grab for Vice-President Hobart's shoes.

ANYWAY, Governor Bushnell can find consolation in the thought that he will not have to write a Thanksgiving proclamation next year.

"Lost: A small-sized Malay, answering to the name of Emilio Aguinaldo; he is vicious and elusive. If found, please let me know in time to get away. Otis."

ALL appearances tend to the belief that since he was dethroned by Boss Hanna, Czar Reed has been taking a New York Tribune view of the country.

PHILADELPHIA, it is said, is to expend \$12,000,000 in purifying her water supply. A much smaller sum could be invested satisfactorily in the purification of her polling lists.

This government has not yet sent any plum puddings to its soldiers in the Philippines. Possibly, they think that they have a pudding in the person of General Otis.

It is hoped that the next time the American people make a donation to a hero, they will take the precaution to learn his matrimonial intentions in advance.

GENERAL EAGAN should secure a commission in the British Army now that a canned beef scandal has appeared. Bad beef without Eagan would be (bad) egg without salt.

If Otis really desires to terminate the war in the Philippines, why not send a few of the plum puddings Great Britain is sending to Africa. They would soon fix the Tagalogs.

THE latest news from Otis, is that he has rounded up several barrels of Mrs. Aguinaldo's clothes. We are prepared to lay a wager that he has not been able to find the pockets in the dresses.

CONGRESS has become so accustomed to have all its thinking done in the Speaker's chair, that it will require some little effort to throw off its timidity, and do a little thinking of its own.

Joseph H. Choate has not been heard from in more than a week, and there is reason to suppose that the State Department has once more succeeded in attaching the voluble Ambassador's gag.

It is said that Mrs. Kruger is so old fashioned that she will not permit her husband to wear American made pajamas, all of which demonstrates that greatness has its tribulations as well as its compensations.

THE taking of the Cuban census is looked upon as a step preparatory to annexation; that is, if the Cubans show a disposition to come into the United State, as the administration leaders assert they will do, a proposition will be made to Congress to make the island at once a part of the territory of this country. Although the war reso-

lutions stated that the island would be independent, there is a general belief that it will be annexed.

For a man who was not looking for trouble, it seems as though Mark Hanna has found his share between his rheumatism, the setback in his home city of Cleveland, and the growing demand among Republicans for his retirement from the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee.

FOLLOWING closely upon Mr. Hanna's declaration that the trusts aid the laboring man, the governor of Massachusetts takes the same position. Before long, these eminent gentlemen will be declaring that there is nothing so good for the working man as giving up his wages to enrich the monopolist.

In the words of his namesake, Mark Antony, Hanna might appropriately declare that he came to bury McKinley, not to praise him, and if Ohio does not go back on itself next year Mr. Hanna, as well as Mr. McKinley, will be candidates for a funeral oration.

WITH Chauncey M. Depew in the United States Senate as Thos. C. Platt's colleague, there seems no reason to doubt that the interest of the New York Central Railway and the United States Express Company will be well protected.

AMONG the latest recruits for the Quay seating campaign, is Senator Wolcott of Colorado, who declares that he will vote to seat Mr. Quay because the country needs him. It might be well to consult Brother Wanamaker before accepting Mr. Wolcott's views of the case.

MR. BRYAN'S announcement that he will lecture throughout New England this winter has given the Hannaites in that locality several severe spasms, from the pangs of which even the world-famous codfish balls cannot relieve them.

VICE PRESIDENT HOBART'S wealth, it is related by some friends, to aggregate between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, and has an insurance of \$350,000. One company alone has issued a policy on his life for \$100,000.

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Shop at Old Racket store room, Hazel Green, Ky.

WANTED, 500 MEN,

Who owe me on account, to call and pay same. I need the money and can wait no longer. Please do not ask for credit if you owe me on account, for I can not and will not, grant you credit any longer. I have

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE

OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE, and will not be undersold when I get the cash. All taxes due me must also be paid now, because to indulge you further hurts us both.

How many will respond to my call? I shall wait and see. Doors open from 6 o'clock a. m. to 6 p. m. Respectfully, &c.,

H. F. PIERATT.

Great CLOTHING Sale

At

Louis & Gus Straus',

LEXINGTON, KY.



Beautiful Cassimere Suits, at : : \$5.00

Beautiful Blue Suits, G. A. R. style, at : 5.00

Genuine Imported Blue Serge Suits, at 10.00

Best 25c. Underwear in the World.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department is the most extensive in Kentucky, and in fit, workmanship, &c., we defy the world.

Our stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing is complete, representing the products of all the leading manufacturers of the United States.

We do not deal in Shoddy Goods, Auction Sale Goods or Fire Sale Goods.

Our reputation for the past thirty years is a sufficient guarantee.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

FOOT WEAR

I have just received the finest line and greatest variety of

LADIES' AND GENTS' BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought to the mountains, and having bought them before the recent rise in leather, I am prepared to save my customers money on every purchase they make. I want the ladies, especially, to examine my stock. For the price, I can show them a front-lace shoe that is a world-beater. It is, indeed, a beauty, and to the touch makes one feel that the shoemaker got hold of the kid-glove stock.

Respectfully,

JOHN M. ROSE.

ME-GRIM-INE,

A positive and permanent cure for me-grim (Half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

HEADACHE CURED FREE

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. FIFTY (50) CENTS A BOX.

The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co. SOUTH BEND, IND.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.

The fourteenth annual session of Hazel Green Academy will begin on MONDAY, Sept. 4, 1899. Instruction thorough, discipline firm, expenses low. WM. H. CORD, Principal. Hazel Green, Ky., 7-11-99.

HERALD JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

THE HERALD.



A FARM JOURNAL Great Offer.

From now to Dec. 1903. Nearly 5 Years. By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only \$1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

R. J. McLin was ordained Elder of the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon.

Miss Laura D. Rawlings, of Jackson, is the guest of Minnie L. Day this week.

Allen Cox, of the Blackwater country in Morgan county, was here Tuesday on business.

Mrs. F. N. Day and daughter, Minnie, attended Capt. Sample's funeral at Maytown last week.

Rev. J. M. Little preached two very interesting sermons at the Presbyterian church on Sunday.

On Friday, November 17th, Minnie L. Day closed her second fall term of school at Maytown with much success.

The preachers' institute of the Christian church, with Prof. DeWesse as instructor, convened here Wednesday night.

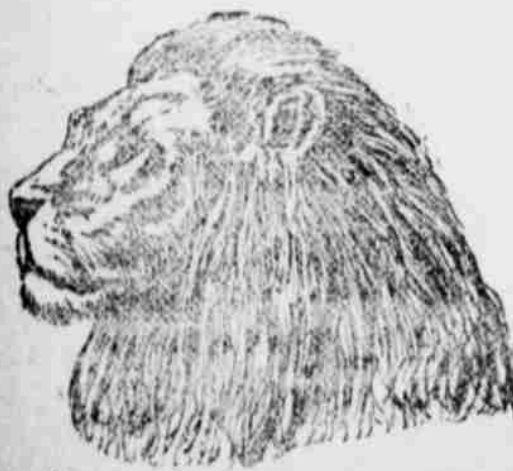
Mr. and Mrs. Fayette James and two children, of Illinois, and Foy James are visiting relatives and friends here.

Mrs. Eva Baber, of Dow City, Iowa, is visiting her brother, Mike O'Hair, and other relatives and friends in and about Hazel Green.

John Hager, of Laurel, while making railroad ties some time in September last cut his left leg, and has ever since been a cripple, and unable to work.

See the new advertisement of John M. Rose, who offers the finest line of ladies' and gents' footwear ever seen in Hazel Green, which he is selling at rock bottom prices.

Judge Wheeler on Monday last purchased of his father, Squire Wheeler, of Monroeville county, his home farm, containing 32 acres, for \$300 cash in hand. The farm lies two miles northwest of Maytown on the state road.



F. A. LYON, JR.,
Leading Insurance Agent
of Eastern Kentucky.

Offices: Beattyville and Jackson.

On the 16th inst., we published a notice of the death of Frank and John Miller, near Antioch, in this county. Since that time we learn the following particulars in regard to their deaths: Frank, who was in perfect health, knelt at the bedside of John and offered up a prayer in his behalf in which he said, "If it be necessary to save John's life, by taking mine, oh Lord, I now offer myself as a sacrifice," after which he started to arise and [staggering] fell into the arms of some one nearby. Before they could assist him to a bed he expired, and the occurrence created considerable excitement, many thinking his death was the result of his prayer. John, however, died a few hours after, and they were buried in different coffins but in the same box and in the same grave.

Bill O'Hair, one of the most ardent of Taylor's followers in this section, fired the anvils about a week or ten days since to celebrate Taylor's victory, and the next day shucked corn all day to pay for the powder used. It appears that the Republicans had agreed to chip in and pay for the powder if Bill would act as master of ceremonies, but they went back on him. Bill purchased the powder and superintended the celebration, but when he called on those who had promised to help him pay for it they failed to come to time, and he had the bill to foot, which he did by shucking corn for Charley Gorney all the following day. Bill's friends are joking him over the affair, and can't understand why one who marched with Sherman to the sea, should have the wool pulled over his eyes so easily.

C. B. Amyx has bought an interest in his brother's drug store at Amsterdam, Mo., the style of the firm being Amyx Bros. Amsterdam, he writes, is a place about the size of Hazel Green, but quite a business place, and the people are very much like those of our blue grass country though perhaps more sociable. He is delighted with his new location, and says he will feel at home as soon as his mother comes out to keep house for him and his brother John. John has been there several years, and has built up a good practice as physician.

Talk about your thanksgiving turkey, here is one that would grace the table. John McCormick, a farmer who resides in Illinois, is the owner of a turkey gobbler which towers into the air five feet and weighs 65 pounds. It looks more like an ostrich than a turkey. Its legs at the feet are an inch and a half in diameter, while close to the body they are the same size of an ordinary man's arm at the elbow. The bird's wings measure seven feet from tip to tip.

Fayette James and wife and Foy James, of Coles county, Ill., are visiting Emery James, of this place. The two gentlemen are brothers of Mr. James, and formerly lived here. Fayette removed to Illinois from this county about eight years ago, and Foy went from Montgomery about six years ago. They are both engaged in farming in the sucker state, and doing quite well.

W. P. Norris, late editor of the Campbell Bugle, passed through here Monday en route to Grassy creek, in Morgan county, and thence to West Liberty, where he will do some court reporting in short hand. He still contemplates the publication of a non-partisan newspaper at Walnut Grove. But will not embark in the enterprise before "the robbins nest again."

W. T. Caskey has been on the sick list this week. He has been complaining for several days and on Tuesday was compelled to take his bed. Our man about town failed to learn the nature of his ailment, but it is hoped that it is nothing serious and that he will soon be himself again.

A protracted meeting will begin at Rose Chapel, on Lacy creek, on Monday morning next at 11 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Pike, the minister in charge of the Hazel Green and West Liberty circuit, will be in charge of the meeting, but hopes to be assisted by several other ministers.

DYSPEPSIA is the cause of untold suffering. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the digestive organs are toned and dyspepsia is cured.

Mrs. Georgeann Amyx, of near Daysboro, has sold out her effects and will remove to Amsterdam, Mo., where her two sons, Dr. John and Breck Amyx, are engaged in the drug business. She will leave about the 15th of next month.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, Chick Watson, of Caney, Morgan county, on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Frank Mannin and Miss Ellen Watson, Elder H. D. Adams officiating. They spread a big supper, and had quite an enjoyable time.

John M. Rose is buying walnut logs and paying the highest price. He is buying for a firm in Germany. He has a man here dressing them for market, and will buy all the sound walnut logs he can secure. He bought one tree of Lee Rose, of Grassy, which made 1004 feet.

WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS FOR District Office Managers in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly \$800, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. PARK, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago. 26 6m

Post No Bills
on this wall

MRS. S. B. KASH,
Fashionable Milliner,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

BODE : HARDWARE : COMPANY,
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE
and CUTLERY,
CINCINNATI, O.
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

ROSE & DAVIS
—THE—
Blacksmiths
—AND—
Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,
Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,
money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A loan on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every case will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.
CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beethly 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Victor of Beethly 1587; Victor of Beethly 1587 by Reliance 867, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 867 by Confidence 158, dam by Reliance 670.
NOTE—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables. Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

"Ring out the old Ring in the new
Ring out the false Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes
BE SURE YOU GET
Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey.

I AM 88 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in gripes, well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Mearns, Paducah, Ky.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

- No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 243 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.
- No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great hotted-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head, quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a-half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILLS.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON, Address, FARM JOURNAL, CHAS. F. JENKINS, PHILADELPHIA.

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEDICINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

RESTORED MANHOOD
DR. MOTZ'S
RESTORED MANHOOD
PILLS

A. HOFFMAN & SON, W. H. PIERATT,
MANAGERS, SOLICITOR,
MT. STERLING, KY. HAZEL GREEN, KY.

HOFFMAN-PIERATT Insurance Agency.

17 FIRE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
Loans negotiated, and all business of the mortgage solicited.

PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS NEATLY AND promptly done at this office.

GREENE, EMBRY & CO.,

Live Stock Commission Merchants,

CINCINNATI UNION STOCK YARDS.
Long Distance Telephone 7356. ALL SALES GUARANTEED

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

Turtles Went on Strike

They Were Pushed Beyond the Limit by a Mean Man.

"SNAPPING turtles was always a bad with Si Evershed," said Deacon Ellis, reminiscently. "Train a turtle in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." Si says to me the other day. "A man with brains and a couple of snapping turtles can supply the whole village with ducks without doing but mighty little work."

"Snapping turtles have their rights, as well as other people," I replied. "And it's a shame to be working them overtime, now that the nights are getting cold." But Si just laughed and said he wasn't afraid of his turtles going on a strike. They did, though, and that's why Si is mourning the loss of a toe and four valuable trained turtles.

"Ducks are plentiful in the lake and there is a big demand for them, but, owing to the amount they have been shot at, they have got mighty shy. This spring Si was gunning for ducks when he saw one light down and start feeding. Si was wondering whether to try a shot at him when the duck began to squawk and flop around and act as if something was holding it down."

"Danged queer," says Si, "that c-ye acts as if it was caught in a trap."

"So Si started over to find out what was causing the duck so much trouble. Sure enough, it had been caught in a trap, but not the kind Si thought. While Mr. Duck had been mooning around in the soft mud, looking for food, he had stepped on a snapping turtle, which was lying partly under the mud. Snapping turtles are not fond of being walked on, and this particular turtle just shot out his long neck, got a good grip on the duck, and hung on after the calm, impartial manner of snapping turtles."

"Si carried duck and snapping turtle back to his house, and, as there wasn't any way of making the turtle let go, he cut off the part where the turtle had fastened his grip on the unlucky duck. Now Si is the happiest, contentedest man in the world when he can get somewhat else to do his work, and he figured over the duck-and-turtle problem for quite awhile."

"Ducks is inquisitive by nature," he says to his wife, "always wanting to find out just what anything new is. Snapping turtles have no particular feeling against ducks, but they might be taught to have. Blamed if I don't think I've struck a great combination."

"So Si goes over to the creek and catches four young snapping turtles. Then he gets a stuffed duck and begins the work of training. He would take the duck and poke it right in the face of a turtle. Out would come the turtle's head, and he would make a snap at the duck. Then Si would pull the duck back, and with a little stick he had been holding back out of sight of the turtle he would give the turtle a whack on the back or hind legs. The turtle's attention being concentrated on the duck, he wouldn't blame Si for the blow with the stick, but would lay it all to the innocent stuffed duck. Snapping turtles ain't any too lovable by nature, and these young ones of Si's soon began to connect the appearance of a duck with a whack of a stick. Ducks just drew out all the evil in those snapping turtles' natures. The sight of a duck had the same effect on them that a red rag does on a bull. You could see their little eyes gleam, it made them so mad. But a snapping turtle knows that running ain't its main hold, and Si's turtles would just lay back with their heads under their shells, as innocent-looking as could be, until a stuffed duck was near enough for them to have a chance to grab it. Then they would shoot out their heads, and if they got a hold, heaven and earth wouldn't make them let go. They tore up a considerable number of ducks before Si got them trained, but Si didn't care."

"Don't you worry," he says to his wife. "The snapping turtle is an underestimated animal. They will furnish the snapping qualities and I will supply the brain work, and the combination will make Pike county ducks weary."

"Si always fed the turtles and gave them fresh water and soft mud to lie in. The result was that, while these misguided turtles hated ducks worse and worse each day, they thought the world of Si. They would scramble out of their mud whenever Si came into the pen he kept them in, and follow him about like a lot of unusually clumsy puppies. By and by Si thought he had his turtles trained all right, so he got ready to put his duck-catching plans into operation. First he made four little floats, like little rafts. Then he slipped a ring over a hind leg of every turtle and fastened a turtle on each float. Then he put some mud on the floats and scattered corn over the mud. When night came he set the rafts floating out in the lake, each being fastened to the shore by a long cord."

"The night being cold," said Si, "those intelligent turtles of mine are going to bury themselves in the mud. Ducks are curious and hungry at this time of year, and they will be sure to go nosing about those innocent looking floats with the corn on them. But when any intruding duck in picking up corn treads on one of these turtles something entirely new to ducks is going to be sprung on him all of a sudden."

"The next morning Si went around to look at his turtle-traps. Sure enough, each turtle was holding a duck. Si drew the floats to shore and was cutting the ducks loose, preparatory to wringing their necks, when along comes a game constable."

"See here," says the constable. "What do you mean by catching ducks out of season?"

"I ain't catching them," growled Si. "Anybody but a dang fool constable could see the turtles caught the ducks."

"You mustn't let your turtles catch ducks," replies the constable, sort of doubtful.

"Si just grinned. 'I ain't a lawyer,' he says, sarcastic like, 'but I never heard of anything in the laws of the state of Pennsylvania making a closed duck season for snapping turtles. Them's the culprits,' he says, pointing to the four snapping turtles. 'Go explain the law to them. They've got more intelligence than some officers of the law who ain't so very far off at the present minute.' And he went on gathering in the captive ducks."

"The constable was madder than a hornet, but not knowing of any law applying to trained snapping turtles he went without saying a word. Si took his ducks to the village, and, ducks being scarce, got a good price for them. Then the real nature of the man showed up."

"If these pet turtles of mine can gather in ducks at night, why can't they in the day?" he says to his wife. "They've been taking things easy all spring and summer. Let them do some work now to pay for the care I've lavished on them."

"So Si put the turtles out on the floats again that afternoon. He hid in the bushes alongside of the lake and after four more misguided ducks had got tangled up with the turtles Si pulled in the floats. Instead of giving the faithful turtles a little rest from their labors, he shoved the floats out again."

"Those turtles are doing their duty faithfully," I said to him. "Don't work them to death. Even a snapping turtle has its rights, which ought not to be trampled on."

"But no, that didn't suit Si. He had a good thing and he was going to work it to death. All that night and all the next day Si kept the patient little animals at work gathering in ducks. There ain't an animal in the world that will stick to a job better than a snapping turtle, but when Si finally gathered up his ducks and started for home, it was plain those turtles were about worn out. They seemed puzzled, too. There they had been catching ducks for two days, nights and days, and not a duck did they have that they could call their own."

"Si is running this show, and it must be all right," they seemed to be saying to themselves, as they waddled home, "but it is blamed queer where all our ducks are."

"If Si had acted half-way decent about the matter he might have kept the love and trust of these turtles and accumulated ducks for himself all the year around. They weren't unreasonable turtles and they thought the world of Si. A duck here and there would have satisfied them, and Si could have had the rest. But when Si routed the turtles out early the next morning and started them off on the floats, anyone could see they were not feeling cheerful and satisfied."

"Be careful, Si," I says to him, "or you will lose the esteem of those turtles. A snapping turtle that feels his confidence has been misplaced is an ugly animal to deal with."

"But no, Si was after ducks and ducks he would have if he worked those turtles until they dropped. All day and at night he kept them on the floats, tearing the ducks away as soon as a turtle caught one. Then, after giving them only a couple of hours' rest, he tried to start them at work again. Then the strike began. Si tried to get the turtles to come out of their mud in the pen and start for the lake, although they were so tired their poor legs would hardly carry them. But he had reached the limit of snapping turtle good nature. Not a turtle would budge out of the mud, but when Si made a quacking noise like a duck, which was the signal for the turtles to start for the lake, each turtle tried to bury himself deeper in the mud. Then Si was mad."

"I'll teach these loafing turtles that while ducks are plentiful they've got to work. No tramp turtles are going to be allowed on the Evershed farm, dozing in the mud and neglecting their opportunities to make hay while ducks are plentiful." With that Si gets a stick and, having routed the turtles out of the mud, he began to pound them.

"Well, they were the most surprised turtles you ever saw. At the first blow of the stick each turtle stuck his head out from under his shell and looked around for a duck. They had been accustomed to connect blows with the stick and ducks. First, they poked their heads about in a wondering way."

Then the turtles looked at Si as if asking him: 'Where are the ducks?' Si didn't appreciate the mix-up he was causing in the minds of those turtles, but kept on hitting them with the stick, and trying to persuade them to go to the lake and resume their labors at duck hunting."

"Don't tell me that turtles, and especially trained turtles like those of Si's, can't think. It was plain how those poor turtles felt. First it was just surprise at not seeing any ducks when they were hit with the stick. Then it was disappointment, a sort of reluctant loss of faith in human nature. Could it be that the poundings they had experienced from their youth up had been due to Si, the man they looked up to and revered, and not to the hated ducks? Why, it was just like telling a man that his whole religion is a lie. A turtle's mind doesn't work any too quickly, and these turtles were thrown all in a daze at being beaten by Si Evershed, the man who had fed them and whom they had trusted and loved. Finally the turtles gave it up in a despairing sort of way and waddled off toward the pond and their daily task. But it was plain they were doing some mighty hard thinking."

"When they got to the pond Si, being out of humor at the strike of the turtles, just tied them on their floats and tossed the floats out in the lake in a careless way, as if he didn't care whether his faithful turtles drowned or not. The floats turned up all right in the end, but not before the turtles had got good and wet. That added to the grievances of the turtles and helped turn them from respectable, hard working duck catchers into vagrant snapping turtles, ready to bite the hand which fed them."

"The ducks were getting cautious of these turtle floats, and it wasn't until nearly night that each turtle had caught a duck. The wait didn't improve Si's temper. When the floats were full Si hauled them in shore. Then he grabbed a duck and tried to yank it away from the turtle which was clinging to it. Of course, this only made the turtle hold on the harder."

"Pesky little varmint," says Si, "I'll teach you to hold on to my ducks." So, taking a stick, Si began to whack the turtle over the head."

"Patience isn't the main virtue of a snapping turtle, even of a trained one. And these turtles had a list of grievances which they had been brooding over all the time they had been on the floats. First, they had been worked overtime; then they had made the discovery that Si Evershed and not the ducks was responsible for the beatings they had suffered; they had been tossed out in the lake, as if no one cared whether they were drowned or not; and finally, after they had laid aside malice and each caught a duck, the oldest and best turtle had been pounded over the head with a stick. That settled the matter. Each turtle was determined he would do no more work for Si Evershed. It may take a trained snapping turtle quite awhile to decide what to do, but they are mighty quick to act when their minds are made up."

"Si was pounding the long-suffering turtle over the head when all of a sudden the turtle let go of the duck. The next second he had his jaws settled in Si's big toe. Si forgot all about the duck. For the next few seconds he was busy dancing about, swearing and trying to get his toe free from that once faithful but now exasperated turtle. Ordinarily a snapping turtle hangs on like death. But it was different with this turtle. He didn't so much want to have revenge on Si as to emphasize the fact that he hadn't been fairly treated. Pretty soon the turtle let go of Si's toe. Si dropped on the ground in a heap, holding on to his injured toe and cursing the ingratitude, as he called it, of the turtle."

"But while that particular turtle had been making things interesting for Si, the others had been busy in a way which showed they appreciated the strike was on. Each turtle helped bite off the cord by which another turtle was tied to a float. Then, when the turtle which had been pinching Si let go, the other turtles waddled over and set that turtle free. Each turtle could then go where he pleased. And each turtle made up his mind that his days of duck catching for Si Evershed were over then and there. By the time Si had a little recovered from the pain in his toe the four turtles had reached the edge of the lake. There they stopped for a second, turned around, took a last look at Si and then plunged in the lake. And that was the last ever seen of Si Evershed's duck catching snapping turtles."

"Then turtles never would have struck if I had treated them half-way decent," Si says to me mournfully. "That last look they gave me was more dumb reproach than anger."—N. Y. Sun.

For Variety's Sake.

"No, Fred, I cannot marry you, but I will be—"

"Don't say 'a sister,' Annie, please! I'm tired of hearing that."

"No—I was going to say I would be an aunt, as I accepted your Uncle Tom last night."—Tit-Bits.

Time Will Tell.

"They were married for a joke. It was a sort of wager, you know."

"And who was the joke on?"

"They haven't found out yet."—Chicago Post.

SEA SWALLOWS CEMETERY.

Trees Swayed, Church Bell Told and Waterspouts Spread Wide Havoc.

Reports lately received here from eye-witnesses of the Alaskan earthquakes in the early part of last September go to show that the shocks were even more appalling than any yet known on the Pacific coast.

The center of the disturbance seems to have been in the vicinity of Yakutat bay, where, among other strange happenings, an entire graveyard was swallowed by the sea, so that when the earthquake was over it was possible to row out over what had once been the ancient burying-ground, and to see far down in the depths the tops of tall trees still standing erect, with all their branches and foliage in what henceforth will probably for ages to come remain the bed of the ocean. The only trace of the graveyard above water was the top of a very tall pole which had stood on an elevation in the center of the cemetery and was surmounted by a cross. A portion of the extreme end of the cross was left above the surface of the waves.

Near Yakutat the shore was plowed with great furrows about four feet apart, which originally were 20 feet in depth, and now have been filled in with sand until they are only about five feet deep.

Great waterspouts rose in the bay. They bored enormous holes in the sand and earth, which they lifted high into the air and spread them over miles of territory far inland.

The shocks began on September 3 and continued at irregular intervals and with varying force until Sunday, the 10th, when the worst and most terrifying of all took place. The Indians were nearly insane with terror when the first heavy ray came on the morning of that day. The missionary, Mr. Johnson, was not intending to hold service that day because he did not think it safe for the people to assemble in the church building. But the Indians begged him to do so, to propitiate Oukou—his name for God, who, they said, was angry at the earth and was shaking it in His wrath. To appease them, he consented, and the coincidence that during the service there was not a single earthquake shock confirmed them in their belief that it was all owing to the anger of the Deity.

When the service was over the worst shock of the day occurred. Men were unable to stand erect, the trees waded to and fro, as in a terrible hurricane, and the church spire swayed so that the bell kept up a continuous and ominous tolling which frightened the poor Indians more than anything else.

Had the earthquake occurred at high instead of low tide it is believed the entire village of Yakutat would have been swallowed up.—N. Y. World.

Animals That Suffocate.

Animals of the horse kind can only breathe through the mouth with great difficulty and effort, so that if their nose is obstructed they tend to suffocate. Even their vocal sounds are uttered through the nose as a rule, but when they do use the mouth, the cry is made with obvious effort, and is generally of a strident character. The horse's breath is made by respiratory efforts through the nose, and is easy and spontaneous in character; but the scream it utters when in mortal pain is made through the mouth, and is labored and unnatural. The donkey makes a pleasant hissing noise through the nose when pleased, but its bray through the mouth is painful and labored. Large, open nostrils form an important feature in a thoroughbred horse, for from its inability to breathe through the mouth it is dependent on its nose for its "wind" when going at great speed. Much lower in the scale of life we find the frog, which suffocates when its mouth is forcibly kept open.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Unpardonable Sin.

Judge—What made you assault your lawyer?

Dooley—He insulted me, sor. He roostered thumped upon the dearest prejudices as a dhowe' throddeed race; he necked the timbre' possibilities as a unfoortoonate nation; he made a hy-word an' a hiss in a n' sacredest feelin's, an' in me huntie resignation jeered at the misfoortunes as a licked but not vanquished pe'le. An', yer 'oner, O'Hallow no mar to dho all that widout pokin' him werr in the jaw av him.

"Dear me! And how did he make such a comprehensive 'sizzle of it'?"

"He asked me, yer 'oner, me name, an' whin O' told him Albert E. Dooley, he says: 'Oh, yis; Albert Edward, av course. Named after the pri'—an' thin G' pushed his face.'—N. Y. World.

A Clean Coal Mine.

The Chilian coal mines, opened in 1885, seem to be nice places to work in. The seam of coal runs from the shore under the waters of the Pacific ocean, and the tunnels are so clean that you could walk through them in a dress suit without making yourself dirty. They are lighted by electricity, and you can have a ride for a mile under the ocean in an electric car at a speed of 20 miles an hour. The mines form quite a panorama of well-lighted passages under the water. The output of coal is now 1,000 tons a day, and 750 miners are employed in them.—N. Y. World.

"Duly Feed Man and Steed."

Feed your nerves, also, on pure blood if you would have them strong. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

She Enjoyed It.

They had been sitting together for half an hour. "I have enjoyed our conversation so much!" she exclaimed, as she rose to go. "It is so restful to talk with you!" And after she had left him he remembered that he hadn't been able to get in ten words edgewise throughout the whole conversation.—Somerville Journal.

Jason Crow, Osearville, Ga., Says

"I feel it my duty to write and let you know what your medicine, '5 Drops,' has done for me. I have had rheumatism about 18 years, but was able to be up most of the time, until a year ago last May, when I was taken down and not able to move about. About six weeks ago I saw your advertisement and wrote for a sample bottle. After taking a few doses, it did me so much good that I ordered some more for myself and friends and in every case it has done wonders and given perfect satisfaction. Dr. Woodliff, my family physician, who has had rheumatism 15 years, is taking '5 Drops,' and says it is the most efficient rheumatic medicine he has ever used. May 31, 1899."

The above refers to "5 Drops," a perfect cure for rheumatism, kidney and all kindred complaints. The proprietors, Swanwick Rheumatic Co., 164 Lake St., Chicago, offer to send a 25c. sample bottle for only 20c. during the next 30 days. Be sure to read their advertisement of last week.

A Nude Departure.

Husband—That gown appears to be cut considerably lower than your last one. Wife—Yes; the dressmakers have departed somewhat from the lines of last season's models."

"See. A nude departure."—Philadelphia Record.

Thanksgiving Holidays, 1899

Greatly reduced rates via the C. H. & D. Railroad. Tickets sold on November 22 and 23, limited to December 1, for return. Ask your nearest C. H. & D. agent for full particulars regarding time of trains and rates.



Ayer's Pills

Look at yourself! Is your face covered with pimples? Your skin rough and blotchy? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia. 25c. All druggists.

Want your monochrome or board a beautiful brown or red horse? Buy **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the hair of horses, dogs, cats, etc. Price 25c. per bottle.

25c.
that's
all

If you will send us 25c, we will send you Demorest's Family Magazine for three months and give you two handsome pictures in ten colors, exact reproductions of famous oil paintings. They are 8 by 11 inches. This offer of this great family magazine is only good for 60 days.

Write to
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D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup without fail. Is the best for Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and for the cure of Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Small doses; quick, sure results.

FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE HAVE W. L. DOUGLAS'S NAME AND PRICE STAMPED ON BOTTOM.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest stock of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer may not have them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. 5c. a pair on receipt of price. 5c. a pair on receipt of price. 5c. a pair on receipt of price.

Kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

THE SCHOOL BOARD'S ILLS

By GEORGE ADE.

'WELL,



I think it's about time
They begin to doctor these
Blamed school boards for the simple.
I'll swan to gracious it
Just seems to me our schools
Is bel'n' run these ways by
A lot o' fool numskulls.
They ain't satisfied to leave well
Enough alone, but they've got to
Experiment and tink' an' try this
An' try that, till by no wonder
The children nowadays get their
Heads filled up with the derndest
Lot of rubbish you ever heard of.
When I wuz a boy I went to school
Three months every year.
An' I confined my operations to
The three R's—readin', 'ritin' and 'rith
metic.
That's all I wanted, an' that's
All I needed. I got them
Well set into my head, an'
Then I quit an' started out to
Make my own livin' at an age
When most boys these times is
Boardin' at home an' lettin' their
Pa an' ma buy their cloze.
I'm just about as well off to-day
As some of 'em that went to college.
An' got their heads full of
Them dog-goned 'ologies.
I can skin a man at a trade
Just about as quick as if I'd
Took Latin an' Greek year in an'
Year out ever since I was knee-
High to a duck.
An' don't you think no different.
When I wuz a boy we didn't
Have no frills on our schoolin'.
We give the young uns what they needed.
When a boy got so he could
Read the New York Weekly Tribune an'
Cipher an' write a fair hand
His graduated mighty quick an'
Started in to earn his board an' keep.
I may say that I account for my
Success in life an' my all-round
Ability to get the long end of a trade.
On the grounds, by ginger, that when
I wuz young I didn't learn a
Lot of hifalutin' tomfoolery.
It does seem to me the schools
These days is run by a pack of
Sap-heads. 'P'intance
As soon as young uns are big enough
To waddle they set 'em to work
In what they call a kindergarten,
Bulldin' block houses an' drawin'
P'ckers an' so on—the derndest
Mess of tommy-rot you could imagine.
Then, when they're a little older,
They start 'em in readin' before
They even learn 'em their A B C's.
If that ain't a fact I'll eat my hat.
Now, I claim, as a practical man,
That the only way to break in a
Child to readin' is just to learn 'em
The alphabet, then the a-b-a-b-a
An' the short words, an' then after
That let 'em tackle the short
Sentences, grad'ly workin' up to
Ossian's Address to the Sun.
That's what I done.
The Lord Harry only knows what
They don't have the children
Do these days, though.
I says to my sister's little girl, Millie,
The other day, I says to her: "What
Are you takin' at school now, Millie?"
An' she said she was takin'—
Well, I can't begin to tell you.
Only I remember two, Spanish an'
Physiology. I says: "For the land's
Sake, what does a girl no bigger'n a bag
o' salt
Want to learn to jabber
That stuff for? Ain't United States good
enough
For you?" I says, "What's the use of
wastin'?"
Yess, time learnin' to talk that," I says.
"Furthermore, I don't like the Spanish,
An' wouldn't care to talk to 'em."
An' as far as
The other thing wuz concerned, if I
Had a daughter I wouldn't want her
To be stud'n' about lives an' lights
An' all such entrails, becuz them
Things don't concern girls. It's all
Right for a doctor to know about
Insides an' what they're for, but
A girl had a dog-goned sight better
Learn how to keep house an' cook,
So't when she gets married she
Can help her husband save money.
But what I started out to say
Wuz this—I see by the papers
That the teachers ain't allowed to
Punish the scholars any more.
They made 'em stop usin' the gad
Some time ago, an' now they go
So far as to say that the children
Must learn self-govern'ment!
What do you think of that?
Self-govern'ment! In other words,
Let the children be their own bosses.
I'd like to know what kind of an
Old granny got up that rule.
I know, an' you know, that there's
Some boys that need a good thrashin'.
Now an' then, just the same as me
An' you need our meals.
It seems to regulate an' tone the
System for 'em. "Spore the rod
An' spoil the child." They never
Spared it on me. I used to get
It laid across my back regular
With a hickory dorned near big
Enough for a fence post. I used to
Have welts up an' down my legs
An' be black an' blue most o' the time.
After I got it at school I'd go home
An' the old man'd do it all over again.
There's nothin' like a good larrupin'.
Two or three times a week to
Toughen up a boy an' sort o' keep
The omeriness dusted out o' him.
I got so I used to expect it.
An' if I went a whole week
Without gettin' my jacket tanned
I wuz sort o' restless, a good
Deal like a horse that feels
His oats an' wants to get out of
His box stall an' cavort around
Through the lot for awhile.
The teacher seemed to know what
I needed whenever I'd begin to
Act a little cagey, so he used to
Go for me about once a week.
Whether he had any good excuse or not.
He just licked me on general
Principles, knowin' mighty well that,
Even if he couldn't catch me in any
Deviltry, it was only fair to conclude
That I'd been up to somethin' that
He didn't know anythin' about.
An' I'm free to say he didn't very
Often get in a lick amiss.
There wuzn't any woman could teach
That school. It took a full hand.
A man didn't have to know very much,
But if he wuzn't a good was'ler
An' if he couldn't choke the wind out of
A great big hulk weighin' about one-eighty
An' then get him down into a corner
An' baste him till he holed: "Enough!"
Well, he didn't have no call to
Try to teach the young idee how
To shoot around in them parts.
We didn't try any self-govern'ment
Experiment. I can tell you that.
The first day o' school the teacher
Licked the biggest boy or got
Licked, an' after that we either
Knew who wuz boss or elas
School let out till the board
Could hunt up a heavier man
For a teacher.
An' now, by thunder, if a teacher lays
A finger on a boy for some piece of
Cussedness they get the law on him;
The school board fires him as
Everybody says he's a brute.
What are we comin' to?
Do you think I'd be the man
I am to-day if I hadn't got some
Sense pounded into me when I wuz young?
No, sir!
It's a mighty good thing I ain't on
The school board.
There'd be a change o' teachers
All around next Monday.
I'd put in some able-bodied men,
An' before Monday night there's many
A poor neglected child right in this
Town that'd be settin' sideways."
—Chicago Daily Record.

COMMONS LOBBYISTS.

They Have Ready Recognition in the House Under the British Constitution.

The lobbyist at the house of commons is an essentially modern product. Parliamentarians of a former age knew him not. They did very well without him and perhaps never even suspected that he was destined to be created. But with the quickened interest in the proceedings of parliament which followed upon a widened franchise and a cheapened press, there came a desire for a closed link between the house of commons and the organ of public opinion. Reporters in the gallery could hear well enough what was said in parliament, but as language was given—especially to ministers—to enable men to conceal their thoughts, it occurred to somebody that it might be useful if the press were permitted to invade the sacred precincts of the members' lobby and find out what was really in the mind of the house of commons. Whether the idea originated with the members themselves or with the invaders is a matter of no importance. It was probably a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. Anyhow, the lobbyist walked downstairs one fine day and he has been recognized as part and parcel of the British constitution ever since.

There is a common impression that the lobbyist representative of a newspaper has nothing to do but listen to the confidences of members of the cabinet and fend off a crowd of unofficial members, who desire to deluge him with information. This is only partly true. Now and then a cabinet minister does cross the lobby, but in nine cases out of ten he wears a worried "Don't-speak-to-me" look, which secures him an immediate passage, even through groups of his own supporters. They remember that the great man has just answered, or essayed to answer, a series of embarrassing questions and they assume that he has spent the earlier hours of the day unraveling the knots tied for him by the kind-hearted officials of his department. Pity, therefore, goes out to him and nobody would willingly add to his burden of care. But ministers have their happier and less busy moments, and sometimes they are the possessors of news which, for various reasons, it is desirable to make public without delay. Then comes the lobbyist's opportunity. He secures information which circumstances do not permit to be announced in the house itself and he is able to write something which the next morning will be read with peculiar interest. The occasion may not often arise. So much the more need, consequently, for turning it to the best account when it does present itself.

Unofficial members of the house may have news to impart, but it is not always of overwhelming importance. There are, for instance, those who have a political ax to grind and who lose no opportunity which may serve their purpose. They are not to be blamed, for they are only paying their tribute to the power of the press. But the lobbyist needs to be on his guard. He must weigh the information which comes to him unsought, for it is his business to reflect the real mood of parliament. He must not attach undue importance to what may at best be a mere will-o'-the-wisp. On the other hand, he cannot be like Mr. Toots and declare that "it's of no consequence" when there are premonitory symptoms of what may ultimately prove to be a serious political emente. He must keep his finger on the pulse of parliament, and any sudden accession of temperature demands his immediate notice. He may be told that, although the political thermometer has gone up, it is only a sign of temporary feverishness, but if he is wise he will not be lulled into a sense of false security. If a partisan on one side of the house tells him one thing about the condition of the body politic he will, for safety's sake, call a witness from the other side and hear what he has also to say. In a word, the lobbyist must preserve independence of mind and of judgment against all comers.—London Telegraph.

Value Male Birds Most.

In the canary-breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, for the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instruction. These are the best singers and ultimately fetch high prices. The less gifted birds are sorted into second and third quality and are sold, while those which show no vocal powers are destroyed.—Chicago Chronicle.

Proof.

"You are an adventuress!" hissed Rodriguez, unable to restrain himself longer.
"Fortunately," replied the woman, "I am able to prove that I am not!"
Taking from her pocket a large, imported cigar, she smoked it rapidly before her hero's astonished gaze.
"Adventuresses invariably smoke cigars," she observed, quietly, as in the consciousness of reserve power.—Detroit Journal.

STRANGE LAPSE OF MEMORY.

President McKinley's Talk About Acquiring Territory Through Providence.

President McKinley should have been a little more careful in his rear platform speeches on his car tour about the country. He made a serious break in his talk at Cedar Falls, Ia.

After saying that since he was last in Iowa we have added some territory, meaning the Philippines, he continued: "I believe, my fellow citizens, that this territory came to us in the providence of God. We did not seek it. It is ours, with all the responsibilities that belong to it; and as a great, strong, brave nation we mean to meet them and we mean to carry out our education and our civilization there."

It being very early in the morning, possibly the president was not quite awake, or surely he would have remembered the letter written the other day by Judge Day, in the interest of his friend, the president for effect on the Ohio election.

Judge Day made no pretense that the Philippine territory "came to us," but distinctly declared that we did "seek it." Our forces had not captured it, and at no time held more than the bay of Manila and a small part of the land adjoining. While the peace negotiations were in progress at Paris, with Judge Day as chief agent of the president, no hint was given for some time that we wanted all the Philippines, or more than a small bit of territory if we desired any. The proposition, when at last made, took the Spaniards by surprise, and they protested vigorously.

Then Judge Day made an offer of \$20,000,000 for the entire group and, still protesting vigorously against being forced to sell, the Spanish commissioners finally consented to the deal. Here is the judge's own language in his campaign letter:

"Our proposal at Paris embodied the concessions which for the sake of immediate peace the American government was willing to make. There was doubtless other reasons actuating the commissioners in making the proposals."

"It was not claimed that the United States had a right to the Philippine islands as a matter of conquest. The United States has never undertaken, so far as I know, to wrest from a foreign country lands or possessions simply by right of conquest. Had we been disposed to do so, it must be remembered that we were in possession only of the city, bay and harbor of Manila under the protocol of August 12, 1898. The capture, after the signing of the protocol, by Gen. Merritt and his forces, whatever its legal effect may have been, included no more territory than we were entitled to hold under the protocol."

The offer was made partly for the sake of immediate peace, but "there were doubtless other reasons actuating the commissioners in making the proposals." Very likely, Judge Day, as one of the commissioners, and the recognized immediate confidential agent of President McKinley, knows all about those "other reasons," though he may not deem it advisable to tell.

But here is the fact clearly stated in his letter. The territory did not "come to us in the providence of God" without our seeking it. On the contrary, it was not in our keeping; we had not won it; it was still the property of Spain to hold, or sell, or to give away. President McKinley desired it, and his commissioners made a bid for it. It will be remembered that at the time it was distinctly declared that every step taken by the commissioners at Paris was directed from Washington, and that the president was "the whole thing" in the transaction. When the Spanish commissioners became indignant at the proposition, they were told plainly that they must sell, and that they could not get a raise of another dollar on the bid.

It is strange that President McKinley should have forgotten those circumstances and Judge Day's recent letter detailing them, when he told the people of Cedar Falls that the Philippine islands territory "came to us in the providence of God" and without our seeking it. But it was very early in the morning, and the president had not cleared his mind with his morning coffee.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PRESS COMMENTS.

Hannanism is the issue in Ohio this year. If the people of every county want to have their affairs run by Mark Hanna just vote the republican ticket.—Hamilton (O.) Democrat.

In spite of Mr. Foraker's professed devotion to the Ohio republican ticket it is to be observed that Mr. Hanna involuntarily dodges every time his senatorial colleague makes a motion in the direction of his hip pocket.—Chicago Chronicle.

Up to the present time Mr. McKinley, in his swing 'round the circle, has referred to "patriotism" 193 times, to "the flag" 176 times and to "Providence" 104 times. "Providence" appears to be getting a little the worst of it, while "humanity" isn't in it at all.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

Mr. McKinley, in every speech delivered in his stumping tour this fall, takes occasion to express his gratification that the people of the United States are still patriotic and true to the flag. The American people were patriots and lovers of the star-spangled banner when Mr. McKinley was one of the eventualities of future time. They will so remain when he is a memory of the past.—Omaha World-Herald.

INCONSISTENT MCKINLEY.

The President's Queer Way of Handling the Philippine Troubles.

President McKinley declared in speech No. 55, delivered on his trip around the circle, that: "It is no longer a question of expansion with us; we have expanded." This being so, why does the president say that the matter is with congress?

Perhaps President McKinley has in mind the McEnery resolution, which saved from defeat by a single vote the treaty with Spain.

The resolution read as follows: That by the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippine islands into citizenship of the United States, nor is it the intention to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States. But it is the intention of the United States to establish on said islands a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants of said islands, to prepare them for local self-government and in due time to make such disposition of said islands as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands.

With such a declaration as this lingering in his memory, McKinley, although assuring the people that "we have expanded," yet feels called upon to hedge by saying that the matter is in the hands of congress.

In speech No. 56, McKinley said of our position in the Philippines:

"We are not there to oppress. We are there to liberate. We are not there to establish an imperial government, but we are there to establish a government of liberty, and law, and protection to life, property and opportunity to all who dwell therein."

This is a pleasing fancy sketch, but a correspondent of the Hong-Kong Mail gives another view. He says:

"Taxes are higher now than under Spanish rule and the inhabitants bitterly complain that living expenses have doubled. The native police have been discharged and the Americans appointed in their stead, being totally unacquainted with the language and modes of life of the civil population, and giving endless dissatisfaction. The old inhabitants state that murders, robberies and crimes of every description are greater than before, and the American police, in their blundering endeavors to search out criminals, resort to their ignorance of the haunts and methods of the criminals to the most tyrannical means to obtain information for the capture of offenders."

"Another source of discontent is the use of the money secured from taxes and from customs for the support of the army, instead of using the funds for carrying out much-needed municipal necessities. All these causes serve to prolong the war by keeping the natives, who have lived in hope on promises of good government, in a constant state of irritation."

It appears from this that McKinley will have to deliver more than 56 speeches to convince the people of this country that everything is lovely in the Philippines.—Chicago Democrat.

OHIO MUST BE BOUGHT.

Hoodie Must Be Freely Used to Carry It for the Republicans This Year.

Mr. McKinley might readily disavow all responsibility for this direct demand upon government officeholders all over the United States, that they violate the law which they are sworn to obey and go down in their pockets for money with which to buy the venal floating vote of Ohio; but, as the president's political conscience is the property of Mark A. Hanna, and the circular in question could have been issued without that gentleman's consent and indorsement, the country at large perforce will accept it as only another executive step in the direction of a return to the old corrupt political spoils system.

With all the money Hanna or his friends have made out of Spanish war contracts in coal, wood and sundries, there certainly should be a sufficiency of available republican money in Ohio to pay the "legitimate" expenses of a local campaign. Hanna, himself, may be penurious, but he has ways to extract saccharine matter from trusts, and should not be in need of outside help to pay for printing, stationery, postage stamps and the services of as many orators as may be required, even in an emergency.

The appeal of the Ohio state committee will strike the average American voter as evidence that, in the opinion of the administration, not only the election of Judge Nash as governor, but the general result in 1900 is jeopardized and that, regardless of cost, the "president's home state" must be bought up in November. It is tantamount to a confession that the party is in a bad way everywhere.

In view of the Hanna-McKinley panic, which induces the manipulators of the combination to insist that public servants shall commit moral if not technical crime, and which is sending the chief of the state and his official family all over the western states like a party of hired spellbinders, the question naturally suggests itself: What are the real chances for republican success in the states that hold elections this autumn?—Washington Times.

